

Say, have you a furnished or unfurnished room for rent? Advertise it in The Sun and let it be bringing you in something.

The Kansas City Sun

Every Lodge Treasurer should be required to give bond. If they are unwilling to do so then you should select a new treasurer. Aint that fair?

VOLUME VII. NUMBER 41.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1915.

PRICE, 5c.

Do You Notice the Firms in Our Negro Business Directory? Are You There?

WHY A NON-RESIDENT PRINCIPAL?

Several Kansas City Professional Men, for Some Reason Known Only to Themselves, Have Advised the School Board That no Resident, Tax-Paying, City Supporting Negro is Worthy or Capable of Being Principal of Lincoln High School.

THE COMMON PEOPLE WHO ARE THE PATRONS OF THE SCHOOL AND ARE INTERESTED IN ITS DEVELOPMENT ARE NOT IN ACCORD WITH THEM.

If Half the Energy Exerted by a Few Self Appointed Dictators had Been Used to Secure a Gymnasium and a Vocational School for Negro Youth that They Are Exercising in Trying to Dictate the Appointment of a Principal, the Common People Would Have Some Confidence in Them.

IS PERSONAL JEALOUSY BEHIND THIS?

The Sun Still Stands, Sink or Swim, Survive or Perish, With Professor Grisham's Choice—Wm. H. Dawley, Jr., who Embodies the Ideas and Desires so Ably Expressed by his Distinguished Predecessor

As the time for the announcement of the teaching force of the public schools for the next school year draws nigh, the deepest interest is aroused among the Afro-Americans of this city to know who will be selected to succeed Prof. G. N. Grisham as principal of the High School. While Prof. Wm. H. Dawley, who is temporarily appointed to fill the vacancy is a profound scholar, a logical thinker and a splendid citizen above reproach and has given the fullest satisfaction in his discharge of the exacting duties of this honored but difficult position, yet there is an element of disgruntled Negroes, colorphobists and chronic kickers who, because they had a grievance against Prof. Grisham, which they were too cowardly to give utterance to during his incumbency, hope to gratify their spite by venting their spleen upon his brilliant and painstaking successor, who is without question one of the most courteous, considerate and highly respected colored men in greater Kansas City.

This element feels that nothing can be accomplished unless the School Board sends away to some other city and gets a principal, regardless of his past record, his moral standing or his intellectual fitness for the place, just so as one of the rabid opponents of Mr. Dawley and the Kansas City spirit said, "Tain't no Kansas City niggerah."

Seriously, gentlemen of the Board of Education, why should we send to some other locality for a principal for the Negro high school, when Wm. H. Dawley epitomizes all those qualities that are essential in a first-class principal and who, by his fifteen years of rigid training and intimate association with his distinguished predecessor, (than whom no more distinguished or capable principal ever lived) is qualified to continue that forceful but conservative policy that characterized Prof. Grisham as a safe and sane leader and relieved the Board of Education of any worry whatsoever concerning

the Lincoln High School.

Mr. Dawley is a tax-payer, a home owner and a good citizen and associated with him in the high school are a number of other members of the faculty who are buying homes, who are contributing to the advancement and development of our glorious city, and who are loyally helping support some of the same professional and business Negroes who are violently opposing without sense or reason the appointment of one of our own capable sons. If these men in keeping with the policy of newly installed principals should be compelled to relinquish their places in the schools, give up their homes and go elsewhere to find employment it would unquestionably be a distinct loss not only to the uplift of the Negroes in Kansas City, but to these short-sighted and narrow so-called leaders, who vociferously cry "Anybody but a Kansas City niggerah."

When Prof. Greenwood's successor was selected the distinguished, versatile and brilliant Cammack was chosen. When principals were needed for the four famous white high schools of this city home talent was selected. Why, gentlemen, at the behest of a few prejudiced Negroes, many of whom are aching to be white and associate with white people, why, we say, should you deviate from that established custom and go outside of Kansas City in violation of the Kansas City spirit for a principal.

The Sun believes it voices the sentiment of the respectable, hard-working, home-owning, God fearing and law-abiding Negroes of this city when it stands unswervingly for the appointment of Prof. Wm. H. Dawley and the retention of that excellent corps of teachers and that gentle and conservative influence that has made the Lincoln High School a credit to the community, that has kept it free from scandal and has won for the race by its benign influence the confidence, esteem and respect of the white people of this community.

THE MIGHTY HATH FALLEN.

Cyrus Lindell, Once a Leader of Kansas Negro Democracy, is Peddling Pies in Iowa.

In looking over the Buxton (Ia.) Bulletin, the following item attracted our attention:

"Mr. Cyrus Lindell, formerly chief at Boyson soda grill, is making and delivering some first class pies. Any one wishing some real pies, the kind like mother used to make, will do well to call on him at 544 H street West."

Lindell, eloquent orator and at one time a big mite at Western University, will be remembered by everybody in Kansas. He bloomed and flourished in the land of sunflowers like a flower, but soon faded away. —Topeka Plaindealer.

And yet this fallen idol was at one time Brother Chiles' chum and constant companion. Oh consistency, thou art a jewel!

MRS. JOSIE WICKLIFFE DEAD.

Mrs. Josie Wickliffe, formerly of this city, died suddenly at her home in Hutchinson, Kansas, Tuesday and was buried Thursday. Her death was a great shock to her many friends in this city and many would have attended the funeral had they known it in time. Only Mrs. Lillian Savington Lewis, a life-long friend, went from here.

IN MEMORIAM.

In loving remembrance of our deceased mother and grandmother, who died in Chillicothe, Mo., June 9, 1914. Through all pain at times she'd smile A smile of heavenly birth; And when the angels called her home, She smiled farewell to earth. Heaven retaineth now our treasure, Earth the lonely casket keeps; And the sunbeams love to linger, Where our saintly mother sleeps.

MRS. MARY SCHUMACHER, JOHN B. PENISTON, Children.

MRS. LILLIE WEBSTER, MRS. NELLE E. HOWARD, Grandchildren.

BISHOP HENRY McNEAL TURNER

Sonnet and Memorial Ode by Roscoe C. Jamison.

Cast in a mold broken since long ago By Him, the Master Workman, who disdained To think that in the sordid clay remained Strength worthy of another such; and so To earth he came alone. Within the low, Dark vale, he found Truth's foot-prints, and so gained The heights of the Immortals; yea, attained The crown that mem'ry weaves, her face aglow.

O fallen Chief! When pressed in deadly fray, Thy race reels back from foes that do assail, One shall but say that thou dost lead that day And turn defeat to victory, nor fail; And when our banners rest in Triumph's Hall, Thy name shall be, as now, the first of all.

BISHOP HENRY McNEAL TURNER

Memorial Ode by Roscoe C. Jamison.

Ambassador of God to that strange land Where slave chains first our fathers' limbs did tear, 'Mid jungle wild, he reached a helping hand, And heathens 'rose a Savior to declare.

The noble church of Allen, spreading wide, Until it touched the Afric desert's rim, Through his strong labor reached its highest tide. Its greatness but reflects the soul of him.

And as he did its pillars fortify Until it stands our pride and chief estate, So might this man have bulwarked 'neath some sky Another Carthage, durable and great.

A voice that faltered not in face of might, That spake straight on, nor count-up the cost; A soul who feared no demon of the night, Who sought to save the sheep that had been lost.

He saw his race, called freedmen, fettered still By spiteful laws and customs born of hell, And shouted to the world, from Freedom's hill, Bold speaking of the wrongs he hated well.

When fiercely raged the tumult and the din, When thick and fast flew arrows of made hates, He was champion, and entered in To push the battle to the farthest gates.

Tillman, the cursed, and rakish Vardeman, Were schoolboys unto him, this man of God; When to the lists he rode, as heroes can, He brake their lances, and did drive them hard.

His morn of life was slavery's darkest night, His powerful heart was burdened by its grief; And yet he fought a valiant warrior's fight That lesser souls might hear in unbelief.

In this weak age of bread-and-butter men, Of vassals chained to Mammon's chariot wheels, Of lackeys at wealth's door, that bow and grin, His heart knew scorn which kingly honor feels.

O Negro youth! 'Mid Georgia's red clay hills, There is a shrine full worthy of thy praise, Forget thy weakness, born of nurtured ills, And look you there, and thankful voices raise.

Yea, let his dauntless spirit enter in And fill thee up with courage that will stand To nerve thee in the fray, to fight and win, And give thee strength to lend a helping hand.

For you he wrought, this dynamo of power, For you he held the fortress 'gainst odd guns; Ah, blessed will be the Negro in that hour When God shall send more Turners as our sons!

St. Joseph, Mo. June 1, 1915.

Mrs. Katie Wilson, Grand Lecturer of the Order of the Eastern Star, paid a visit to the Chapters of this city last week. She delivered a very eloquent and interesting address to them. While here she was the guest of Mrs. D. N. Crosthwait, 1020 Virginia.



HON. WALTER S. DICKEY.

Kansas City's foremost business man and a living embodiment of the famous KANSAS CITY SPIRIT, who will unquestionably be, if he so desires, the next Republican United States Senator from Missouri. The man who redeemed Missouri from forty years of Democratic rule by his astute and skillful management of the campaign that made Herbert S. Hadley governor and a leader who had never been defeated in any campaign he managed.

OF INTEREST TO

KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

Grand Commander W. G. Mosely, who spent Saturday and Sunday last in Hannibal, reports that everything looks promising for the greatest gathering of Masons next August ever assembled in any city in the nearly fifty years history of the fraternity in this state. He found Hannibal wide awake, energetic and vigorously preparing for the coming big event. Sir Mosely made the visit in the interest of the Grand Conclave and the Grand Encampment, which will be held from the 9th to 13th of August. It was decided to keep something going on for the entertainment of the public day and night. Ball games, dress parades, exhibition drills, banquets, social gatherings, open sessions at which addresses by the leading member of the order will be made will make up a week, long to be remembered in the annals of Masonry.

On Saturday night, June 19, a large delegation of Masons and Knights Templars will go over to Liberty, Mo., to assist the brethren there in the observance of St. John's day and public installation of officers. District Deputy Eugene Lacy will represent

Grand Master Nelson C. Crews, E. S. Baker, Secretary of the Grand Chapter, will speak on Holy Royal Arch Masonry and Grand Commander W. G. Mosely will speak on Masonic Knighthood.

Eureka Commandery No. 4, located at Hannibal, Mo., carries an annual lease on the largest public entertainment hall in that city. It is at this hall where all of the night functions will be held during the grand sessions in August.

Sirs H. C. Edwards and Nelson Waller of St. Matthews Commandery No. 17 of Liberty, Mo., were interested visitors at a session of Emanuel Commandery's drill tam last Monday night. Sir Waller is the captain-general of St. Matthews Commandery and was watching items on the schedule which has just been issued for the Grand Encampment.

Emmanuel Commandery drill team elected officers last Monday night with the following results: Edw. Johnson, Pres.; Chas. Adkins, V. Pres.; Wm. Baker, Secy.; E. L. Ward, Treas.; Geo. A. Johnson, Capt.-Gen.; Saml. Winston, Sr. W.; W. C. Mallory, Jr., W.; Geo. Johnson, property man

CORNERSTONE LAYING OF FRATERNITY HALL SUNDAY, JUNE 20th, at 4 P. M. '15

AT MR. J. G. GROVE'S POTATO FARM

Hon. N. C. Crews, G. M. of Masons of Missouri Jurisdiction Master of Ceremonies, assisted by

HON. T. B. WATKINS, G. M. Grand United Order of Odd Fellows of Missouri
HON. A. W. LLOYD, G. C. Knights of Pythias of Missouri
HON. E. J. HAWKINS, G. M. Masons of Kansas

HON. DORSEY GREEN, G. M. Grand United Order of Odd Fellows of Kansas
DR. S. H. THOMPSON, G. C. Knights of Pythias of Kansas
REV. GEO. McNEILL, G. M. U. B. F. and S. M. T. of Kansas

Cold Drinks, Ice Cream, Barbecued Pig, Lamb and Beef. Come! Refreshments by Eastern Star Chapter. (Take Bonner Springs Car.)

ANCHOR LAUNDRY CO.

Opens Under New Management ON OR ABOUT JUNE 15

FIRST CLASS SERVICE GUARANTEE QUALITY OF WORK

Responsible for Damages Done by Machinery and Loss.

1820 EAST 18TH STREET.

BELL PHONE EAST 295

BEN O. CAVE, Manager A. F. JOHNSTON, Secretary T. B. WATKINS, Treas.

SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

The Song of Winter.

By CHAS. A. STARKS.

The triple effusions have spent themselves, Spring sang her lay, Summer, too, with Autumn Now clamors the people for old winter. "What can he sing so old, grizzled and gray?" Some ask, still rapt attention to him give So venerable, garbed with many days. He looks the embodied respect of age, Tall, with sweeping beard and intensive look, Quite determined though with regal manner, Thus solemnly breaks the long suspense. "Sons of Men list. And unto me hearken, Hear the wisdom of days with cold clear thought. My song is undisturbed with blatant chord, Cool is my head, steeled my heart to passion. Understanding is my harp, cold truth my song; Gray morning hours with me are delightful, My heavenly frost beautifies the world Whose breath is health-giving and reviving. It steals down from heaven at night, my frost Giving earth an incorruptible crown. When resting on its crest the world feels alive From his sharp biting flees dull stupidity. None can smell his breath with aw'kening; His inhalations are draughts of new life, Invigorating all activities." "They wrong me who hint of destitution Flourishing and peculiar to myself. Old sloth, whom you love, gives you this, O Men, Not I, my garments are spotless, I'm pure, Children of men, innocents of heaven, Wallow quite joyful in my snowy deep And count it all happiness with great joy. Who can learn the mysteries of the sod When covered with my immaculate spread, Where works the hidden life of unseen plants Whose roots I father for vegetation? I love these, they are my first born to light; I love also my bejeweled mountains. Songs whispering through valleys by weird winds Which tell tales in loud musing and moaning I love Iceland, and farther than Iceland Where vain men's feet seldom tread. Undisturbed, I reign in peace with naught to mar my cold And feel my eternal snows forever. "My sights are grand beyond the scan of men Or mortal vision of these I'm jealous And protect by my great extremities. How I've laughed at men who'd profane my land, Sacred and exempt from curious gaze Yet some far unnamed day I may be led To lift my spell, opening to seekers." "I am old but not decrepit, the blood Of old Father Time courses through my veins I bring strength, knowledge and satisfaction. Because of my experience of days I know the folly of earth Oh mortal! Who look to my deep purifying ways. I bring truth unembellished, unadorned That you may see the real, youth's ardency I temper with coldness and vanities; I blow away with my stirring bleakness Youth and glory I match with the solemn. Thus he sang, all were awed and stood aghast, Some admiringly, others shied from fear, So terribly earnest Old Winter sang. And came up while yet he stood, each season Taking place by his venerable side The full quartet now sings as with one voice, Repeat this note: "All is good, God is all."

THE END.

CHANGE OF MANAGEMENT. The Criterion Theatre has been purchased by Mr. Billy King, the most renowned actor and producer of the race, who will give personal supervision to its every detail and hopes to make it the most popular amusement resort for our people in the West. New employees, new furnishings, new fixtures, new scenery and the same clean, high class and popular bills that have characterized the stay of his admirable company during the early part of the season. Remember the location. 18th and Highland Avenue.



GEORGE V. GOLDEN.

The little "Napoleon" of Eighteenth street, the busiest and most successful tailor of the race in this city, who has built up a most gratifying patronage which enables him to give employment to half dozen skilled workmen of the race.

LOOK! LOOK! A Grand Excursion To EXCELSIOR SPRINGS Thursday, JUNE 17th

Colored Barbecue, Minstrels, Dancing Will be Among the Features of the Day. Also a Boxing Match of Twelve Rounds

between Ted Williams of Kansas City and Benny Banks of St. Joseph. A preliminary contest will be held between "Snowball" and "Sweet-lips" of Kansas City. Special leaves Kansas City 9 a. m.; Winnetonka, 9:20, Liberty 9:40. Returning, will leave Excelsior Springs at 11 p. m. Round trip from Kansas City, 75c. Grounds located in Richardson's Grove, one mile north of town. Music by the Kansas City Band. Boxing contest at 3:30 p. m. Minstrels at 8 p. m.

COMMITTEE—THOS. HAWKINS, Kansas City; C. H. BROWN and BEN FRY, Excelsior Springs.



REV. WM. H. PECK, D. D.

The brilliant Presiding Elder of the Southwest Missouri Conference, who will be unanimously elected by his brethren as a delegate to the next General Conference.

Easter-day services were held by the eight chapters of Kansas City order Eastern Star at the Masonic Temple, Sunday afternoon, June 6, with Royal Grand Patron George W. K. Love master of ceremonies. The following program was rendered: Open Ode—"Blest be The Tie That Binds." Invocation—P. G. R. M. Lucinda Day. Hymn—"Holy, Holy, Holy." "Thankfulness"—Sadie Demory. Instrumental Solo—Ida Brown. "The Object of Easter-Day"—A. B. Robinson, P. G. M. Remarks—N. C. Crews, M. W. Grand Master of Missouri. Hymn—"The Five Heroines of the Order"—Julia Morrison. Recitation—Hattie Chrisman. Solo—Prof. F. J. Work. "The Life of Esther"—Mary F. Woods.

A large audience was present and the addresses were of a very high order.

NOTICE.

If anyone in or out of Kansas City knows a lady going by the name of Mattie Clay or Mattie Anderson, please send a card informing me of her address and I will pay to such a person \$25. No questions will be asked. 1204 Michigan avenue, Kansas City, Mo.